

THE DOUBLE DEALER

MAY 1921

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AND MARGINALIA

Issued monthly by *The Double Dealer* Publishing Co., 204 Baronne street, New Orleans, La. Yearly subscription, twelve numbers, two dollars and a half in advance; single copies, twenty-five cents. All contributions should be addressed to the Editors of *The Double Dealer*, with stamped, self-addressed envelopes for their return.

Entered as second-class matter January 31, 1921, at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The DOUBLE DEALER

".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

COLLEGE "EDUCATION."

WHEN I was at college there was a professor who used to heap scorn on the superior position that the athlete held above the student. "This place is getting more like a country club than a college" he would say. It needs no tremendous reflection to discover that his remark was not only the petulant protest of an official whose prestige is being dimmed by those higher up, but a judgment, complete and apt, of the American college of today. The American college of today has become in actuality more a country club than a place of learning, a country club with a few hours of recitation and lecture thrown in. Certain it is that the *esprit de corps* is social or athletic, anything save intellectual. Consider the contumely of "highbrow", the glamor of "athlete," the awe attached to: "Do you see that fellow sitting over there by the window? That's Brown, the all-American end for 1920."

The fault, of course, lies with the university—not especially the newer richly endowed Western and Middle-Western universities, but the old traditionals: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell. They have become schools for manners. So you can tell a Harvard man by his affected quasi-English accent, and general attitude of omniscience; a Yale man, by the cut of his clothes and his

immobile features, "who do a wilful stillness entertain with purpose to be dressed in an opinion of wisdom." It is probable that both are mimicking the English—and the more recent colleges are mimicking them. Underneath their manners you will find nothing but a few half-remembered facts from antiquated text-books. Beneath the front, nothing that differs from the cultural background of a barber or a plumber's assistant or a strike-breaker. Indeed, what an advantage there is lies with these latter, for their minds are not hermetically sealed with the official stamp of an academic degree.

The cause of the shallowness of our so-called "higher" education goes back to the slattern structure of American society. In England, as on the continent, the arts and humanities are for gentlemen and scholars. They are for men whose family wealth puts them beyond need of commercial striving, or men who have foresworn dollars and display in favor of study and research, who have chosen to live on a pittance for the pleasure of significant work, and the honor accorded them as their due. But in the United States no such condition obtains. In the consciousness of nearly every college boy lies the knowledge that some day he must go out into the world and "hustle," (ah, the beautiful word!) for a living. Of what use then

Latin and Greek, History and Calculus? None. Better for him to learn how to dress, observe the manners of the rich, pick the right friends, or become that superman, if he can, the college athlete-hero, and thus get a flying start into the business world. And let him not neglect those unions of success, the fraternities or societies. With the all-powerful pin he must be a sad bungler if he cannot "arrive" at the opulent purse and waist-coat.

And now, looking back on what I have written, I discover that I have made out a case, not for culture or education, but for the college as it is. For palpably the college puts the exact polish on a man that he needs in his business. It is true that he is a joke to the cultured European and to the minority of honestly educated men and women in the United States, but what of that? Who cares for the opinion of freaks and high-brows and damned foreigners? If colleges help to bring in the needful, they stand within an inpregnable fortress.

Tomorrow some hard working self-made man may tell me with a gleam of pride in his eyes that his son is going to have the benefit of the college education he misses. Shall I warn him that he is throwing his money away? Not I, I'm too well acquainted with the fact that the college will give his son just the "polish," the social confidence, the "front" "that is invaluable, because it makes him believe in his own tremendous superiority. But if I thought this estimable gentleman could see the point, I would like to register one slight cautioning note: Once with every comet comes one with a real appetite for knowledge, a true receptivity to culture.

Be sure your son is not one of these *queer* ones. For a modicum of learning endows these with neither poise nor power, but with a very exact estimate of their real unimportance and ignorance. Take care, for by whimsey of the chromosomes such a freak may occur in even your respectable family.



AMERICAN LITERATURE

There is a school of literary thinkers who predict that the ultimate flowering of American literature will be distinctively flavored with a tincture of the soil, that it will be definitely recognizable as American, particularly in subject-matter. They contend that until the national letters bear some vague physical stigmata of *Americanism*, they will remain inferior.

There is a fallacy in this conviction which is so widely held. Great literature is rarely national and rarely local in aroma. It is, in its nature, at once universal and individual. You can distinguish now and then the racial mood or the racial intellectual idiosyncrasies in the individual's work, but the racial expression is more often than not incidental or accidental. Certainly the interpretation of locality is quite accidental. The great literature of the world, as a matter of fact—except for subtle or abrupt differences in mood or habit of thought on the part of the writers—read very much alike.

Literature is an individual affair. The writer expresses himself. That which

is truly individual approaches the universal. It is very difficult to localize genius. Was that he-fairy Shelley an Englishman? Was Heinrich Heine a German? Voltaire and Anatole France are disembodied intelligences with a French habit of thought. If you will look into it, you will discover that good poetry in all languages reads very much the same, and good prose also. Literature is produced by individuals. And they do not produce necessarily their best work by reflecting their surroundings in space or their period in time. Shakespeare, Milton, Virgil, and Homer did not. Very few have succeeded in that business, and very few high intelligences have attempted it.

In American literature to date, how many good Americans do we find? Is there anything distinctively American or "United States" in the work of Poe, Emerson, Hawthorne, Bierce? That which is really enduring in the work of Whitman and Mark Twain—the two possible exceptions—is universal and scarcely localized at all. At present who would say there is anything definitely American in Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ezra Pound, James Branch Cabell? The best work of Sherwood Anderson and Willa Cather seems exotic—it, too, partakes of the eternal moods. Carl Sandburg? That which rings true in his work might have been transplanted from other tongues—it is universal in thought and feeling.

Your distinctively American literature is Walt Mason, Harold Bell Wright, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Eleanor Porter, "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," the *American Magazine*, and "The Hesitation Blues."

WANTED A HOTSPUR

"Success consists in a close appliance to the laws of the world and since these laws are intellectual and moral, an intellectual and moral obedience." "The secret of success lies in the same old word, drudgery." "Every success in life comes from sympathy and co-operation and love." "Success in life is a matter not so much of talent and opportunity as of concentration and perseverance." And so on, and so on—balderdash for the most part.

I prefer to believe with Disraeli that "Success is the child of audacity." All of the high flown, honeyed phrasings of our Emersons, our Sammy Smileses, our Henry Ward Beechers, our Dr. Frank Cranes, come to naught weighed against the simplicity of this statement. Here is the recipe, my friend: Dare, and you will succeed.

But how few of us dare dare. Timorous souls, cabined by cowardice, we trudge on in the rut, we dig with our own hands, mud behind, beneath, before, mud ourselves. Dull, deaf, purblind, senseless to the reaches above, we plod along. One sniff for your Hotspur is enough. Give him one sniff of high adventure and we may wallow in mud to our heart's content.

The wail goes up of lack of opportunity, heritage, luck. This cry obtains for cattle alone. Hotspur wants not for opportunities, he makes them. A hackneyed reminder, but one that cannot be overstated. Your man of vision and courage knows but one master, his own instinct. When Napoleon felt the need of a war to exercise and demonstrate

his genius he did not sit down and wait for the war to happen, he went out and made one.

Homo minimus digs his hole and lies in it. Visionary Hotspur builds his castles only to topple them over. The gulf between *homo minimus* and Hotspur lies in the fact that the first burrows a comfortable hiding place, wherein he sneaks safe from a world he dare not glimpse nor grasp, whereas the second fashions a world to his own liking, taries there a space, tears it down, rebuilds again, destroys, rebuilds, moving always up and up until gloriously discontent, reaching, grasping, reaching, he wins at length to a world beyond worlds, which is not of this world.

Not ever in our planet's history have the Hotspurs of humanity been more needed than at present. This is indeed an hour of ponderous marionettes, mechanical dunces. Charlatanism, chicanery, Teratology, anything is preferable to the tiresome mediocrity of the moment.

"God give us men"—you know the verses of old Holland—men who dream, men who dare—the difficult, the preposterous, the audacious. Carlyle with his stock Scotch intellect takes it all too seriously. Your Hotspur, your successful man is not so much a child of God or fortune as he is a child of perversity or daring. The mountebank and the demi-god are synonymous, as are the genius and the madman. A certain technique, conscious, curious, unabashed, incredible to the run of humanity, is the trick. There are, I venture, still among us a few, who by canny observation and singular cunning coupled with

sheer nerve, will contrive this trick in the ultimate. I submit that these neoterics be somehow or other corralled, examined and encouraged in the furtherance of their fantastic whims. That, say, a course in *Espiéglerie* be introduced into the curriculum of our larger universities where they will be coached, by whom, heaven only knows, in the slippery art and technique of mundane success. We must have men—quaint, absurd, egoistic men—men of the ancient character—droll, moonstruck, eccentric chaps. It matters not how we get them, but we must get them, men of audacity, daring, preposterous men.

Things have, indeed, come to a lamentable pass. Take inventory, whom have or had we, during the last stirring years—one Theodore Roosevelt, the "late" D'Annunzio, Nicolai Lenine and Charles Chaplin. It is pitiable, my friend, is it not? What has become of the hardy, high hearted breed of yesterday? Have we no potential Hectors in our midst? Is the old blood turned to water? Is man becoming no more than an efficient automaton, or is our man of tomorrow to be a woman? Wanted: A Hotspur!



A BURNING QUESTION.

A vast flow of conversation, editorial comment, and theocratic warning reaches one's ears regarding the feminine smoker. One faction proclaims her to be indecorous, "common." The

other champions her rights, her independence. Curiously, the debate is not between the old generation and the new. To the contrary, in this "momentous" question the fossils find supporters among the young bloods, and many of the straight-laced, reared in the Grundy school, see themselves reacting to the dare-deviltry of the newcomers. This discussion grows more and more heated until it becomes apparent that a conclusion must be reached, possibly some law enacted, with penalties for the offender.

Mrs. Blank, a voter, returns from an afternoon at bridge and endeavors to stun her husband with the news that her hostess had served, not alone food and drink, but *cigarettes*. The mother of Mrs. Blank, typical of the era, remarks after a similar function that *her* hostess had not. Blank, breadwinner, is unmoved by the controversy, until John Blank III, a youthful gallant, calls his father's attention to certain talk in circulation concerning Sister Blank, who is smoking "in public." Whereupon, the old man storms about and thunders time worn phrases for thirty-five minutes.

Miss Blank, a maiden aunt, late of

Vermont, puffs a meerschaum in divers places in and about Washington Square. Her antecedents, rooted in the Green Mountains, get wind of it somehow, and for a while there is the devil to pay.

Worst of all, perhaps, is the case of Doris Blank, just turned six, discovered by her mother, playing "ladies" with a blue-eyed doll, the while inhaling gold-tipped fags over the tea-cups.

And so on, until it becomes imperative that something must be done. Our humble suggestion for a solution is: Let them smoke, the whole lot of them. In so doing they are quite naturally following the lead of the *haut monde*; if such a course calls for censure, there might well be pointed out the existence of numerous other eccentricities relative to fashion worship far more dangerous to propriety, even health, than merely sucking the weed.

Our word to the ladies is: Carry on! Keep your weather eye on the "smart" set. If some day they decree chewing plug, or declare ostrich quill toothpicks to be *au fait*, your aping them is not likely to make you a ridiculous figure, at least.



For God's sake, give me the man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself.—*Stevenson*.

The Curio Shop

BY PADRAIC COLUM

THE FISH

Mould-colored, like the leaf long fallen from
The Autumn tree, with drooping tails like
 roots,
He rises now within the crystal sphere,
A Fish that faces you!

Fishes should have no faces—
No eyes in front that goggle like the lamps
Magicians fill with oil from dead men ta'en,
No mowing mouths that just so feebly make
Destruction's sign!

And yet an artist made him,
Moulding the obvious gold fish into this
That rises now within the crystal sphere!
Masks,
Two-handled swords, curved tusks,
The bust of Heliogablus are beside.

PIGEONS ON A PALACE FLOOR

Odaliques, Odaliques,
Treading the pavement
With feet pomegranate-stained!
When we'd less years,
We bartered for, bought ye!
Ah, then we knew ye,
Odaliques, Odaliques,
Treading the pavement
With feet pomegranate-stained.

THE MALAY KREESE

The kisses of women
Are like the sea-water:
Who tastes the more,
Thirsts the more after!

The kisses of women
Are like honey laid
Where the press of the lips
Meets the edge of the blade!

Thy lover is maddened:
He rises, he goes;
Nothing can slake him,
But blood of his foes!

ARCHAIC CRETAN PICTURE

O what a hound he holds!—as bronze topped
 spear
It is as high! And what a horse he has—
A horse that bends a neck like to a bride's!
The hound's not yet a-strain—
He dreams of chasing eagles in the wind!
The horse's mane
Is dizened into little candle flames;
(The slim horse stands high behind)
He holds the leash—O Youth will be away
From Knossos and the Daedal Palaces!

Wild Oats

BY VALMA CLARK

IT was on a spring day Friday afternoon, after twenty sober years of teaching in the Honeyville High School, that some final long resistings nerve in Mattie Belle Green's delicate mechanism snapped like a too tautly stretched elastic, and Mattie Belle flung herself to the sowing of a crop of week-end wild oats. The chalk dust, the odor of stale oranges lingering in the air, the rank fumes of peanuts, which followed that suspicious crackling report from Dan Stanton's corner, all these things she could have borne, in spite of a heat emphasized by the buzzing of a blue bottle on the windowpane. Lila McLane's carelessly contemptuous allusion to Miss Green which she overheard as she stood sentinel duty during the passing classes, was the thing that finished her. However . . .

Your fire-horse doubtless has his dreams of soft, earthy fields of sweet clover and grass, remote from the hard asphalt of the city street; while your old farm horse, who may have inherited fighting blood from some great great-grandfather charger, has his dreams of galloping off to battle. Such is the restlessness in horses—and in men!

Certainly, in all the thirty-eight years of her irreproachable life, Mattie Belle Green had given no outward indications of a passion for adventure—with, possibly, a single exception. Once in her rather mid-Victorian girlhood, she had run away to be a gypsy, had camped for

half a day at the foot of the Big Lane a quarter of a mile from the farmhouse, had boiled eggs in a tin can for dinner, and had returned in the afternoon to continue sewing patchwork quilts and painting roses on black velvet. Romance had, of course, passed her by. She had always been colorless, a little too thin, and a little too lady-like. With the years, she had grown purer and finer grained than ever, a sort of delicate maiden-lily.

There were hints of a spark within her that resisted spinsterhood. She subscribed to "The Ladies' Home Journal" and "The House Beautiful." On Saturday nights, she put up her hair in curlers for the sake of a Sunday morning wave. She had once appeared in the schoolroom in a sporting waist of green plaid; but the girls had tittered and the cleverest boy had spoken her name, "Miss Green," unnecessarily and emphatically, and she had quivered sensitively at sight of the waist ever after. Finally, Mattie Belle had been known to go to the corner Greek store *after supper* for a sundae, and to drop a nickel into the music box. Yes, somewhere beneath the accumulated silt deposit of the years, there was a thin stratum of romanticism in Mattie Belle Green.

She had passed all but the last milestone in the road of a teacher. The yearly, fifty dollar raises were things of the past; long ago, she'd reached her maximum salary. Sabbatical years had

come and gone with Mattie Belle too poor to improve her mind further on half pay. The high honor mark of school preceptress, she'd long since achieved, and found honor swamped under the duty of keeping the school register. There was only the life pension left to anticipate, if she could travel thirty more years along the road. Already as much a part of the village scenery as the old tollbridge with its abandoned tollhouse, or as the ancient Tom Dillon, official hunter of village polecats, followed by his terrier and an assortment of small boys, it seemed probable that Mattie Belle Green would be teaching in the Honeyville High School, and calling at the post office twice a day for her book-agent letters thirty years hence.

And then, on that Friday afternoon, Lila McLane, who was pretty and popular, spoke her name, "Miss Green," to the youth beside her and shrugged "School-teacher!" with a wry little air of dismissal. Now, to designate the veriest schoolma'am as "school-teacher" in that tone of voice is as calling a German "pig." No term is more cutting.

Mattie Belle was less "catty" than most women. She did not call Lila from the line and order her to remain after school for talking. Instead, she turned back to her own empty room and stared at the bough of pink frosted apple blossoms brushing the window pane, with a dazed look, pink stinging her white face as though she had been slapped on both cheeks. Then chalk dust choked her and the mingled odor of orange peel and peanuts nauseated her, so that she stepped across the room, flung the win-

dow wide open, and leaned out until the apple blossoms kissed her face.

Down there below, at the foot of the sharp hill, the rectangle of the little red station house, set at the end of the dust-yellowed road, rimmed by a grassless, dust-yellowed area, lay like a scarlet fever placard in the sleepy, sun bathed valley—a vivid danger signal that said, "Don't!" A black topped buggy smoked its leisurely way downward along the dusty road, and someone stepped out from the door of the station house. The four o'clock train, was Mattie Belle's mechanical thought, as she noted the signs of life.

Suddenly her blue-veined hand clutching the window sill, she leaned a shade further toward the valley, and took a breath. The smell of apple blossoms tingled deeply through her as a sip of rare, heady wine quickens the blood of a person who has never known intoxicants.

Then the flat jangle of the class bell fingered all the over tired nerves in her body into one protesting discord. She came back to the sudden silence of the building and knew that they were sitting there in the study-hall, all of them, waiting for her to take the roll call and dismiss them. For a moment, she hesitated. Then, with a deliberate movement, she turned, ruthlessly broke a spray of blossoms from the forbidden apple tree, and slipped, like a shadow, through the hall and out of the building.

In her own room, in Mrs. Peters' boarding house opposite the school, she moved swiftly. She gathered some things into her little black hand bag.

She pried up the gilt-headed thumb tack at the corner of the carpet under the bed, took from beneath the carpet the bills which she kept hidden there for emergency use, and folded them into her pocket-book. She put on her pansy covered Sunday hat and the blue serge jacket that matched her skirt. And she stopped a final moment before the mirror to tuck the spray of apple blossoms into her belt.

"I am going to the city. I shall probably be back Sunday evening," she explained, on her way to the door, to Mrs. Peters who had appeared from kitchen regions. Even in her haste, the habit of precise English kept her from clipping sentences to phrases.

A little breathless, Mattie Belle took the one remaining seat in the crowded day-coach just as the train joggled forward. She sat back, and frowned slightly at her dusty shoes. Then, in a sudden panic, she missed her pocket-book, reassuringly found it, and clutched it tightly. Finally, it became immediately necessary to her to get her hand bag onto that rack above; she stretched, found herself too short and her arms trembly, tried again.

"Here, let me," offered the young man who occupied half of her seat.

"Thank you very much," she responded.

With business details at length attended to, once the conductor had relieved her of her ticket, Mattie Belle looked about her. She wanted badly to gaze out of the window, but was afraid the young man would think she was staring at him. So she watched the woman with the baby across the aisle, and reflected upon the faulty discipline

of mothers in general. She wondered who had taken the roll, and what they'd thought about her, and whether they'd found the register—she'd left it in the top left drawer of her desk. Then she wondered what she'd do when she reached the city, where she'd go. It *was* rash of her! The apple blossoms were drooping; she took the spray from her belt and regarded it with the fretted line in her forehead.

"It's a shame," sympathized the young man beside her in the most natural way. "I say, I'll get you some water." Before she could protest, he had squeezed past her, and was back again with a ridiculous cardboard drinking cup spilling water. She watched his attempts to keep the spray of blossoms from tipping the cup, which he placed on the window ledge.

"Bonehead!" he remarked cheerfully. "That's me every time, biting into something no human could chew! Sprig's all right—cup's all right—it's the combination that won't go. Isn't that always the way, now?" he chuckled. "Either your cup's too big and the modest violet slips in and gets drowned, or your flower's too big and the whole thing topples over. Put me in Scottsville and I'm top-heavy; put me in New York and I sink." He pondered it. "Your little jazz man in church—gets lost in eternity. Well—never you mind! I'll fix it." He departed again with cup and flowers.

"Conductor recommends washbasin," he announced casually, when he returned. "You move over."

Mattie Belle obeyed. She wondered whether this extraordinary man had guessed that traveling was such a novel

experience to her that she still retained a childish preference for the seat by the window. With certain mental reservations, she found herself, strangely enough, liking the young man. She warmed to his little attentions; moreover, if a strange gentleman must talk to her, she could at least approve of the impersonal nature of this gentleman's conversation.

"Cheerful old lady sat here before you," he began at once. "Got off at your town. What was it?"

"Honeyville," she replied.

"Yes, Honeyville. "She'd had an operation once. Had an eccentric little mannerism of turning her hat around on her head, like a wheel on an axle—absent minded, you know—as though she hoped sometime to find a comfortable angle. Straw hat with a feathery flub-dub, it was."

"That was Hettie Bamburger," Mattie Belle informed him. "She does that in church," she added rather sadly.

"Church now!" he switched amazingly. "I keep away. Hate to be caught praying. Most fellows do. Women like it. It's no satisfaction to a woman to pray by herself; she wants her neighbors to see; it gives her a virtuous feeling, and anyhow, she knows she looks most touching in a prayerful attitude. Right, am I?" He smiled down at her with a whimsical lift of the left corner of his mouth.

Mattie Belle felt that she ought to be shocked, but she answered him seriously: "I have never minded bowing my head," she replied, "but kneeling always seems so—undignified."

He threw back his head and roared. "There, you see I am right," he tri-

umphed; "you think of appearances."

She did not quite see, but she said nothing.

"My church is going to be a little inn," he announced, suddenly serious. "Cheer and rest; all the sermons and prayers wordless. There's a poem—" With his eyes upon the sheep, that looked like propped-up stones against the distant hillside, he recalled it:

"I'll keep a little tavern
Below the high hill's crest,
Wherein all gray-eyed people
May sit them down and rest.

"There shall be plates a-plenty
And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the gray-eyed people
Who happen up the hill."

Only I'll take 'em all in," he broke off, "gray-eyed, black-eyed, blue-eyed—all the folks. More moonshine!" he shrugged with the left-cornered smile for himself. "Top-heavy, this time!"

Mattie Belle's mind was nimble from twenty-odd years of mental gymnastics, with exercises ranging from English Literature to Solid Geometry, but she had never heard anyone talk like this before.

"About yourself?" he questioned, slipping easily to the personal basis. "You talk."

A little crust of ice formed above Mattie Belle's reluctant liking for the young man, and without replying, she gazed pointedly out of the window.

He appraised her with a swift glance that was at once keen and amused. "I'm Grant Barbour," he continued, coasting blithely over the thin ice of her disapproval. "My last job was in New York, on a little monthly magazine. We

started it, another chap and I, but it never rightly materialized. Good idea too. A couple of waves ahead of its time, that was the trouble. Advanced conservatism was our platform, and folks are still back on radicalism. Well—he dismissed it. "Now I'm bound for the West—engineering job this time. Looking for something midway between an ocean and a cup—wash-basin size, or a little larger."

He smiled straight into Mattie Belle's face, with his eyes this time, and she smiled back, tremulously at first, then recklessly. She could no more have withstood the charm of the strange young man's smile than she could have resisted the wild lure of the little red station house an hour before. She had no way of knowing that Grant Barbour was a water color artist in life, who delighted to daub warm mixed colors onto ascetic, pencil scratched, white sheets. But she felt sun-warmed inside, and she told what there was to tell about herself. It is like looking down at the water, trying to summon courage to dive; once you do flop off, you'll dive again and again, a little deeper each time. Mattie Belle, having flopped, found that she liked to talk about herself, and poured out her heart to the young man. She even told him how Lila McLane's remark had been the last straw. "And so I ran away," she finished with a twitchy smile. "It was very foolish to do that without making plans. I think I shall go to the Young Women's Christian Association."

"Ran away for good!" he sympathized.

"No, O no! I shall go back Sunday night," she quickly reassured him, "in

time for Monday morning classes, you know. I intended to spend a week-end in the city anyhow," she added, by way of justifying herself.

Grant Barbour considered her without smiling, as she sat with her hands clasped, schoolroom fashion, in her lap. "Saturday and Sunday," he ruminated. "I'm stopping off there for a couple of days myself," he added thoughtfully. "I say, we'll do the sights together!"

Mattie Belle's hand fluttered to her throat. "O, I—but it would scarcely be proper, would it?"

"Bosh! *Fences* again! I can't endure 'em, make a point of tearing 'em down, always," he asserted vigorously. "It's all right. You'll see. We'll have a rip-snorting time. Theatre tonight and the next night; dinners and art galleries; yes, and church, and even a sight-seeing car—tallest building and that sort of thing," he conceded reassuringly. "And now your name?" he prompted in matter-of-fact tones that rendered protests out of order. "I'll have to call you something."

"My name is"—she moistened her lips—"Mary Morison." She gave the long a to Mary and lingered over the name as though she loved it. She had not intended to deceive him, but she simply could not bring herself to say her own harsh name, and Mary Morison was, of all names, the loveliest one she knew.

"After the lady of the poem, eh?" he observed quizzically. "Well, from now on you're Mary and I'm Grant. Say it."

"Grant," she repeated faintly.

"Right-o! We're almost in. I'll get you located at the Y. W. and give you an hour to be ready for dinner," he plan-

ned gaily. "We're dining at the Statler. Will you have roses or violets?"

Mattie Belle felt a breeze at the nape of her neck and turned her head to find Miss Salley Holcomb, the village seamstress, leaning her way.

Miss Holcomb here, behind her, all this time! On her way to the married sister's place in the city for the annual visit, reason told her. She'd heard every word, Mattie Belle knew hopelessly, as she followed the young man and her bag from the train.

She caught Grant Barbour's sleeve to stop him. "That was Miss Holcomb in back of us," she said. "I don't think I'd better—she's watching now."

"That's right. Just you hang onto me," he advised, as he swept her along. "If we can find a taxi—Holcomb, you say?"

"From Honeyville," panted Mattie Belle

He grinned. "Let's give Miss Holcomb from Honeyville a run for her money," he observed, as he paused to draw her slack arm snugly through his.

"O, you don't know Honeyville," quavered Mattie Belle.

But Honeyville and Miss Holcomb, all things past and yet to come, were blurred by the concentrated wonder of that evening. Amid lights and music and colors and people that moved past her like water flowing downstream through her fingers, Mattie Belle anchored herself to Grant's face. He was her only hope now, the one person in the world that she knew. She tasted what he ordered, only admitting a preference for chocolate ice cream, "plain." "Two chocolate creams, straight," he ordered with a twinkle.

"Yessur," agreed the waiter, twinkling back.

"They are—carmined!" she murmured once, as she studied the vivid faces of the women at an adjoining table.

He laughed at the quaintly curious word. "You are—carmined too," he accused.

She touched her cheek with one finger. "It feels hot." Then, with a shyness that would have been pretty in a girl, she looked away from him.

At the theatre, later, she gazed above and beyond the bare back of the woman in front of her, finally stole a glance at her companion, and found him blandly unconscious of anything unusual. His acceptance of bare backs shocked her more than the bare backs themselves. From the rainbow dance, at the start, she rose to the musical comedy; a medley of colored lights and tinkly songs, it swept her back to story-book fairy-lands of her childhood. When the curtain dropped and she relaxed, she discovered that her handkerchief was twisted and torn.

Grant Barbour was as good as his word; art galleries, churches, plays, they did them all. In the room of modern artists, he stood for a long time before a small painting bearing a little placard, "August Moonlight," a slim boy swimming in a moonlit, green pool. "Jove, that's fine!" he exclaimed. "Reminds me of night! Ever swim in cool water under a moon?"

"I have never learned to swim," replied Mattie Belle in a low voice.

Between sights, he talked, ran on and on incessantly, covered, in vivid snatches, without effort, the conversational course of a lifetime, it seemed to Mattie Belle.

"I think I shall never marry," he said once. "You feel your power when you're paddling alone. Your canoe's almost alive in its sensitive responses—answers to the merest flick of the wrist. There's excitement in skimming along with the waves slapping against a high bow. A passenger steadies you, makes it safer—but less adventuresome."

"You might be—lonely, later," Mattie Belle pointed out delicately.

"Fear of loneliness is such a negative reason for marrying," he objected. "Weak, isn't it?"

"Yes," she agreed, unconvinced.

"Little bullion cubes of romance versus the simmering beef-stew of married life!" He laughed. "Rather neat, eh? Bullion cubes are piquant, compact—beef-stew's filling. Well—" he shrugged.

He spoke freely and enthusiastically of his morning "tub." In Honeyville, one did not speak of baths in "mixed company," even though the pipes froze in winter and one shovelled wash boilers full of snow to be melted over the kitchen range.

He watched her wistful response to pleasure. Over the luncheon table after she'd sat with closed eyes through a quavering violin solo, he spoke. "Too bad! And even now, you might come to take an almost pagan delight in just the things of life!" He inhaled cigarette smoke deeply. "To bite into a juicy apple and crunch it between your teeth—to walk barefooted on a moist beach and watch the sand ooze between your toes—to drink black coffee, turkish coffee with an alcoholic bite, and then to wrestle with an idea, throttle it

and beat it out—to touch smooth skin—I spent a year in a pine forest, once, just for the odor of the pine needles. Even the clean, peppermint tang of tooth paste, did you ever stop to enjoy that?"

"I have always disliked peppermint," she stammered.

"I've half a notion to take you with me," he smiled, "for lessons in living."

She managed an answering smile for his odd joke, and turned to her dessert.

"You mustn't *eat* ice cream," he suddenly objected; "just absorb it. Shave it off with the edge of your spoon, tantalize yourself, then feel the velvet smoothness of it on your tongue. See?"

"If I had time—" he said to himself. "But no, there's never time for more than—a salute."

"What books do you read?" he questioned, coming back to her.

With her finger tips, she gathered the stray crumbs into a little pile. "I am fond of 'Jane Austen,'" she replied.

"It's as I feared," he nodded gravely. "Don't! 'Jane Austen' is not for you. You must read the 'Brontes.'"

Arms folded on the table, he leaned toward her. "I know your life," he stated with the whimsical smile. "Breakfast: Half an orange, or prunes, poached egg on toast, coffee."

"Oatmeal in the winter," she supplied.

"Of course—oatmeal! Dinner at noon: 'Will you have coffee, tea, or milk?' Supper: again, 'Will you have coffee, tea, or milk?' Fishballs on Fridays. Bells for all things at regular intervals during the day. My dear, stop institutionalizing yourself before it's too late. I won't be responsible for you when

you're fifty, if you keep on. *I* wouldn't miss the experience of a rarebit nightmare."

"But I am nearly forty now," she offered. Her eyes, fixed on his face, were curious.

"I'm thirty," he answered, laughing. "But I'm fifty in experience to your ten. And I'm staying young while you're growing old. Just you break loose and try it!"

It was after church on Sunday, when they were in the park, that the lie bit into Mattie Belle's conscience and she confessed. "My name is not Mary Morison," she stated without looking at him.

He laughed at her. "I think that was the first lie you ever told. You were very inexperienced. Practice, Mary."

He had decided that she would wait for the late train back to Honeyville. "Good-byes are more artistic at night," he had pointed out. He swung her bag onto the train, and stood with her beside her car in the hollow din of the light-spangled train-shed, until the conductor called, "All aboard!" "Miss Mary Morison, you will remember me," he stated. He took her face in his two hands, stooped, and kissed her gently, as one kisses a little thin lady for whom one feels rather sorry. Mattie Belle was docile, yielding, suddenly, in the shadow, a wistful, pale-faced little girl. On swift impulse, he took her into his arms and kissed her a second time as a man might kiss the woman he loves—hurt her.

Mattie Belle was to learn afterward that Sophronia McLane, Lila's mother and president of the Ladies' Missionary Guild of Honeyville, witnessed that kiss. But she travelled home alone in a warm

daze that excluded Sophronia McLane. All she ever remembered about the two hour's ride was the way the moving cars were reflected on a dim bank beyond the window, like a procession of giant "choo-choo cars" trailed along by an unseen giant child.

Mrs. Peters, home from the Missionary Guild, tackled Mattie Belle the following afternoon with bland familiarity. "Enjoyed yourself in the city, dearie?" she opened fire.

"Yes," replied Mattie Belle.

"You'll be marryin' next, and leavin' us. Sophronia McLane told me, confidential, she saw you kissin' a man."

Mattie Belle clasped and unclasped her hands, but volunteered nothing.

"Engaged, are you, dearie?"

"No."

"A relation, mayhap?"

"No," breathed Mattie Belle, escaping not too soon to catch the cold glint in Mrs. Peters small eyes.

Sophronia McLane's "confidences" travelled. The whole village, every school boy, knew, by this time, that she had been kissed by a man. Mattie Belle sat in her room, sick with the shame of it, until habit drove her out to run the gamut of the crowded postoffice for the evening mail.

Pushed against the wall in the little outer office to wait her turn at the window, she felt herself stared at. Then gathering courage to look up, she suddenly realized a dawning interest in her, almost a new respect for her, on these familiar faces. In the eyes of the village, she—Mattie Belle Green—had had an "affair." She was a force to be reckoned with and gossipped about, a woman with a past.

Why, anyone of a dozen exciting things might happen to her. She might be asked to resign, as the little grade teacher who wore ribbons about her hair and went to dances, had been asked to resign. Mrs. Peters might order her to leave; people might refuse to take her in; she might even have to live at the "hotel," that home of travelling men and cuspidors. Mattie Belle held up her head, and her expression was not meek, as she went past them into the street.

As a matter of fact, Miss Green was not requested to hand in her resignation, nor was she driven to the street. She went serenely on her way, though folks did say that her teaching had fallen off and rumor had it that the number of failures in Solid Geometry that year was disgraceful.

There was a tiny sequel to Mattie Belle's romance. On a day in October, there came a letter "To the Little Teacher of English, Solid Geometry and Other Subjects, Honeyville High School"—a letter that bore a San Francisco post mark, and that was clearly not a form letter on text-books. "Looks like a personal for Miss Green," the postmistress announced to the outer office in general as she handed it over. A cluster of orange blossoms dropped, as Mattie Belle drew out the thin note paper, and Lila McLane handed it back to her and

held open the door for her to pass out with something like deference.

"Dear Mary Morison," the note read:

"You are still teaching. Am I right?

"The engineering job didn't materialize. I'm bound for a lotus land where men still drink wine. Mining this time. Wish me luck and a short life."

That was all,—no signature, no hint of an address.

Mattie Belle dozed a little over her geometry papers that evening. An odd person, he was; she tried to remember the things he'd said; her mind was a jumble of tooth paste, washbasins, bullion cubes. The dusky room with the gas lamp from the street shining in, merged into the train-shed; his arms were about her, hurting her . . . Mattie Belle shivered.

And speaking of horses, the meekest old farm drudge is capable of surprising you with a temperamental spurt,—often just as the last kick of the nearly plough-broken beast, before he subsides into spiritless old age. Perhaps, after all, that kick simply justifies a peaceful decline, proves to the old horse—for his own self-respect—an adventuresome spirit, and gives him something to doze over in the oatless intervals.



A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going.—
Cromwell.

The Passing of Tennyson*

BY ERNEST DOWSON

As his own Arthur fared across the mere,
With the grave Queen, past knowledge of the throng,
Serene and calm, rebuking grief and tear,
Departs this prince of song.

Whom the gods love, Death does not cleave nor smite,
But like an angel, with soft trailing wing,
He gathers them upon the hush of night,
With voice and beckoning.

The moonlight falling on that august head,
Smoothed out the mark of time's defiling hand,
And hushed the voice of mourning round his bed—
"He goes to his own land."

Beyond the ramparts of the world, where stray,
The laurelled few o'er field Elysian,
He joins his elders of the lyre and bay,
Led by the Mantuan.

We mourn him not, but sigh with Bedivere,
Not perished be the sword he bore so long,
Excalibur, whom none is left to wear—
His magic brand of song.

*In our February issue we printed one stanza of the above poem in an article on Ernest Dowson. We have received so many inquiries about the poem in its entirety that we reprint it here in full. Its only appearance, to our knowledge, was in *T. P.'s Weekly* in 1915, under the able editorship of Mr. Holbrook Jackson. Thus far, it has not been included in any of the various collected works of this graceful poet.—EDITORS.

Haldane Macfall, Novelist

BY VINCENT STARRETT

I SAY novelist, because, save to the intimate minority, Haldane Macfall's reputation in the past largely has rested upon his critical writings. As an art critic, he is something of a power in London, and I think something of a terror, too, to poseurs and claquers. During the war he gained a wide audience with two books explaining the horror to the Man-in-the-street, for he is also a practical soldier of long experience, and is entitled to call himself major. Meanwhile, his novels languish, and it is primarily as a novelist that Haldane Macfall will figure in the literary chronicles of the future.

Mr. Macfall will write other novels before he dies, but he need not unless he wishes. His fame is assured by those already written! "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer" and "The Masterfolk." Few better novels have been written in the language.

Before I go further, I must acknowledge my indebtedness to Judge Malmin. * * * Loitering in Walter Hill's book shop, upon a day not long since, I was beset by an excited man who plunged in, awkwardly waving a book about his head. The man was Lucius J. M. Malmin, chief justice of the Virgin Islands, and America's first colonial judge; the book was "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer." The man had found the book in a shop in St. Thomas, an island recently purchased from Denmark. With some agitation, he handed me the volume, saying: "I'm afraid to say what

I think about this book. I've brought it up from St. Thomas for you to read. I know it isn't famous, but either I'm crazy or this is one of the great books of the world!"

Unless I am crazy, the Judge is not. The next day, I was as excited as he. I sat up all night to finish the book's 403 pages, breakfasting on strong coffee at five o'clock. Then I wrote to Haldane Macfall. A little later, I read "The Masterfolk," and now I am trying to excite others. If I am fortunate, I shall always marvel at the odd chance that brought "Jezebel Pettyfer" up from the Virgin Islands (a strange place for Jezebel!) to my Chicago apartment, and whatever may happen I shall always be grateful to Judge Malmin—and, of course, to Haldane Macfall.

The habit of comparing one book with another, of allowing it to stand or fall critically, by its measure as taken beside that of a classic, is a vicious one; but remotely to suggest the charm and flavor of "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," I am going to say that it is a West Indian blend of *Pickwick*, *The Three Musketeers*, and the Spanish romances of roguery. I will not push the comparison, although certainly Macfall is of the line of the great romancers.

Jezebel Pettyfer is a Barbadian negress, utterly reckless, unmoral and delightful. Even more adjectival are Jehu Sennacherib Dyle, her first recorded lover, and his amazing companions. Around this yellow pair, and its

satellites, centers the long and rambling narrative of West Indian life * * * Deserted by his mother, "Masheen" Dyle (as he comes to be known, through his theft of a sewing machine) is thrown upon his small world of dirt and color at the age of nine, and manages to pry open the oyster in a fashion worthy the traditions of Lazarillo de Tormes and Guzman de Alfarache. Untruthful, unscrupulous, unblushing, the saffron *picaro* progresses through vagabond youth to disreputable middle life, as barrack boy, butler, soldier, deserter and fugitive, and the successive love affairs of Jezebel Pettyfer keep step with his astonishing adventures.

There is no more plot to the book than there is to "Tristram Shandy," and that is one reason that it is great. The other reasons have to do with Mr. Macfall's uncensored and uproarious humor, his fine humanity and tolerance, and the tumult and gusto of his style—some would call it his lack of style. The vigor of the narrative is extraordinary, and the characterization is unforgettable. Dyle, Jezebel, Boaz Bryan and the rest of the sable company remain in the memory as do Sam Weller and Huck Finn—sometimes, as do Pantagruel and Panurge. The chapter in which Huckleback, the Jamaican inn keeper, is killed by the English sailor, is one of the great scenes in English fiction, but there are other chapters almost equally good, and the purely descriptive passages are gorgeous revelations.

Ten books, or divisions, complete the narrative; and a very remarkable series of chapters makes up the book called "In the House of the Sorcerer." In this there is an appalling description of West

Indian voodoo. If any fuller revelation of the obscene mysteries of voodoo has been vouchsafed in print, I have not seen it * * * It should be mentioned, here, that these particular chapters once were published in this country under the title, "The House of the Sorcerer," but that book is less than one half of the full tale, and it now out of print.

That all this praise should be given a novel of negro life may seem strange, although why it should, I do not know; but the novel is an authentic masterpiece, possibly the last of the great line of picaresque romances which began with "Lazarillo de Tormes" and includes "Tyl Eulenspiegel," "Gil Blas," and the "Pickwick Papers." There is all the freedom, all the roguery, all the romance, and all the rollicking, ironic philosophy of the best of them, and "Jezebel Pettyfer" is as deserving of immortality as any.

I have been looking over some of the old "notices" of the novel, the trumpetings and shudderings of the reviewers of 1898. The book made a sensation. Coming as it did at the height of the "renaissance of the nineties," it must have frightened some of the posing critics of that period half to death. The sickly imaginings of the English decadents must have seemed pale stuff beside the broad fun of John Dyle and his nigger Zouaves. Afraid to damn the book, many reviewers avoided the issue of greatness by ambiguous platitudes, but many, too, were outspoken in its favor, and frankly called it great. That it bothered the critics mightily is very evident. Old George Meredith enigmatically told the author that the book was the finest novel of his generation, but

that it ought never to have been written!

The strangest feature of the case is that the great book was allowed to go out of print. In the midst of the shout, a fire in the publisher's plant destroyed what remained of the edition, and he refused to reprint. It was not until 1913 that a second edition was placed on the market. Copies of this, I am happy to report, are still to be procured; and it is pleasant to know that the reissue was brought about by hundreds of requests from all parts of the world—isolated requests in themselves, but constituting a formidable demand when assembled in the publisher's office.

It is a long time since I have been as enthusiastic about a book as I am about "Jezebel Pettyfer," for it is a long time since I have found anything new in this genre. Here is the stuff of Rabelais and Grimmelshausen, of Le Sage and Sterne, geographically translated to the tropics; and the author still lives and writes. The book is of our own day, yet is neither translation or redaction; but it is of the shining company. This is incredible, but it is true.

In "The Masterfolk," which is dedicated to Meredith, Mr. Macfall writes of literary London and artist Paris in the eighteen-nineties, and some of his maskers are thinly disguised. Like its predecessor, this novel appeared in America, some years ago, sadly cropped and abbreviated. To read it in its entirety, it is necessary to procure the London edition.

I am enthusiastic about "The Masterfolk," too, but in a different way. This novel belongs to another school. It is a great novel in the sense that "David Copperfield" and "Joseph Vance" are

great novels; a full and generous account of the career of its chief figure from a point just this side of the womb to the birth of the hero's own first child. It is concerned almost exclusively with the bohemian life, and is a first-hand chronicle of an arresting period in literature.

There have been other novels concerned with the eighteen-nineties, in which the decadents were glorified; this, in large part, is the other side of the episode. The specious philosophy of the great poseurs of the age is reduced to rags and tatters, and a number of eminent reputations still beloved of collectors of first editions (I am convinced that I could give the real names of half the characters in the book), are made extremely ludicrous and contemptible by the author's biting satire. Hichens' "The Green Carnation" has been widely accepted as the crowning satire on *fin de siècle* London, but, as Mr. Holbrook Jackson has pointed out, that ingenious work is in reality less of satire than an indiscretion; at any rate, it was *tour de force*. For me, "The Masterfolk" is the last word on the English decadents. Also, I think it contains the best pictures of student life in Paris that I have read.

The story is that of Noll Baddlesmere and Betty Modeyne, and the numerous company with which their fortunes were cast. I shall now proceed to damn the book for a great many sonorous donkeys by saying that, in spots, it is highly Dickensian. It is the fashion, now, to sneer at Dickens—not that Dickens cares! Yes, the tale is romantic to a degree. More, it is often sentimental. *Mon Dieu!* Poor Mr. Macfall! But sneers from sonorous donkeys is praise

indeed, and so we may continue happily with the story. I was going to say that the tale is intensely human, in that it is humorous and humane, ironic and compassionate. To make it genuinely great, there is that touch of caricature and exaggeration that must accompany romance in a tale not of the immediate present. Having read this novel, one has made the acquaintance of a company of persons from whom never again is one quite willing to be parted. Drawn full length, for Mr. Macfall is always outspoken, his familiars live with the other memorable figures with whom the great novelists have peopled the world for our delight.

To complete the bibliography, I must mention a third essay in fiction—like the others it is colored truth—execrably entitled “The Nut in War.” Mr. Mac-

fall’s title, “The Unlicked Cub,” is retained as a sub-title, but his publisher played to the gallery. It is a short story of novelette length, and relates the experiences of a “nut” (English, not American, idiom) in a hectic African campaign. The tale is vivid and entertaining, but to speak of it beside the two novels is to flatter it.

Lest the tone of this paper offend, I hasten to add that it is no shout of discovery. Others have discovered Haldane Macfall; he is being discovered every few years, and with each discovery a new shout goes up. And with each shout fresh readers are won to this fine novelist. But the clamor has been too isolated and sporadic. If it can be made sustained, perhaps in time it will reach an attuned ear in the American publishing world.



Indifference

BY MARX G. SABEL

I have grown too wise
 To mutter curses,
 I have seen too many eyes,
 Too many hearses—

I have seen the one I love
 Sleep, and wake, and move!

Blue Sunday

BY BEN HECHT

SCENES—The Boudoir of the Charming Heloise.

TIME:—Afternoon on the Holy Sabbath.

PERSONAE:—The Charming Heloise, and the Superior Roderick.

THE CHARMING HELOISE
(*An indignation point*).

The Blue Laws.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK
You are indignant?

THE CHARMING HELOISE
Naturally.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK
You amuse me.

THE CHARMING HELOISE
You don't think they're coming?

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK
Oh yes, I am convinced utterly that they impend. There will be no movies on Sunday, no automobile riding, no picnics, no public gatherings for any purpose save worship.

THE CHARMING HELOISE
A parcel of psychopathic despots converting their infirmities into laws.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK
I detest movies. I detest automobile riding. I detest public gatherings. I would rather cut my throat than go pic-

nicing. Confronted with the necessity of attending an amusement park on Sunday I would, without hesitancy, sell myself down the river.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

But the principle of the thing; having to live in a country run by a pack of psalm singing, blear-eyed degenerates.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

I leave principles for my betters. I prefer facts. I look forward eagerly to laws which will bar the Elks and Modern Woodmen from parading under my window even for one day of the week; which will deprive fat women and oleaginous men from flaunting their ugliness in tan automobiles even for one day; which will make it charmingly impossible for me to share your company with a few thousand plaguey strangers at a concert or show.

THE CHARMING HELOISE
Oh!

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK
You see?

THE CHARMING HELOISE
I am not taken in by your sophistries. I see that you are, as usual, trying to convert your indignations into the indifference of a bogus superiority.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK
Indeed.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

Yes, indeed! You are really madder at the idea of blue laws than I am.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

Blue Laws be damned!

THE CHARMING HELOISE

See! I knew it.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

Pink Laws, green laws, black laws, blue laws; the more the merrier. The suppression of the mob is the chief function of civilization. As the result of centuries of struggle the mob has taken civilization into its own hands. Nothing however, is impaired by this. The mob, having overthrown autocracy, and won the privilege of being its own autocrat, will eventually do exactly what autocracy wore itself out trying to do. It will suppress itself. Given a chance to assert itself under political or social democracy, what does the mob do? I ask you, what? It suppresses itself. It passes laws denying itself every variant of pleasure which its stunted imagination is able to conceive as existant. And the result? The ultimate result? A perfect world, nothing less. A world in which the mob will have reduced itself to its original biological status—a vast galley slave, cowering during its hard won leisure before self-made superstitions. Damn it, the spectacle almost gives me a temporary faith in the existence of a Divine Wisdom. You see, there's not enough beauty or pleasure in the world to go around. Not by far. Also, if allowed license to dash about and enjoy itself our mob would, in less than a month, debauch what there was of beauty and pleasure in its filthy embrace.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

Generalities never mean quite anything, and your facts are nothing more than effort to escape from your normal indignation in the matter. You talk like that in order to hide the one vital fact that your inferiors are able to tell you what to do and what not to do.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

Absurd. My inferiors are able to deprive themselves of liberties whose existence in the world, are, at present, an intense, a constant annoyance to me. The blue laws will accomplish only one thing in which I am at all interested. They will reduce a rabble of numbskulls to misery and thus heighten by contrast, the subtle and intricate joys I am able to get out of life by the exercise of my thought and senses.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

And what are these subtle and intricate joys to which you so modestly refer?

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

The touch of your hand. The gentle bewilderment of your eyes. The reluctant promise of your blush.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

Indeed!

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

I love you.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

But it's Sunday afternoon.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

A day on which sin achieves an added piquancy.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

Yes, I know. Let's pretend the blue laws are in operation.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

I see. And are to be observed.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

Exactly. And I sit cowering before self-made superstitions.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

(Hastily)

Reality forbids.

(He kisses her).

THE CHARMING HELOISE

Please. I'm serious. Your theories have interested me. I'm going to cower. Of what then will your subtle and intricate joys consist?

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

Well, of your cowering for one. Alas, I wish it were no mere pretense.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

I see. An added fillup to the moment of capitulation.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

I salute your excellent psychology with a blush.

THE CHARMING HELOISE

Well, I've made up my mind. We are going to observe the blue laws this afternoon and capitulate some other day.

THE SUPERIOR RODERICK

An editorial "We," my dearest.

(He consults a memoranda book, studying its contents with a meditative, a subtle and intricate air. He goes to the telephone).

Hello, Central. Give me Boulevard 2002.



"If this is blunt honesty," says Vortex in the play, "give me a bit of smooth-tongued roguery;" and so say half the world, who can purchase the appearance of attachment, without the repulsive condition of being always obliged to listen to the truth. Flattery is a quality so grateful to the human heart, that it is difficult to resist its influence, even when convinced of the insincerity of the person who offers it. We are cajoled by the reflection that we deserve praise and it is a matter of indifference from whom we receive it.—*Anon.*

Abdel-Kader and the French Lady

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

IT IS hardly necessary to dwell upon the noble and generous character of Abdel-Kader, an Arab chieftain, whose name is familiar the world over. On one occasion during his imprisonment, a French lady of wealth and title fell in love with the bronzed warrior, and attempted to force him into a liaison. Abdel-Kader was as honestly moral as he was brave, and knew nothing of that morbid sentimentality which even in America produces such astonishing sympathy on the part of young women not only for histrionic celebrities but even for notorious criminals. On gaining admission to the sheik's apartments, the duchess—for such she is said to have been—was disappointed to find Abdel-Kader sitting on a divan in the midst of his attendants. After some polite formalities the lady was obliged to request the Emir for permission to see him alone, and was bidden to call the following morning at daybreak—the hour of prayer. She gladly availed herself of the invitation.

"I permit you to seat yourself on the ground beside me," said Abdel-Kader, who was scrupulous in regard to Oriental etiquette. "You may speak with confidence. The squirrel and the butterfly are discreet. I am prepared to hear whatever you may have to say."

In spite of this chilling reception the fair sinner poured out her soul in words of passionate admiration, and ended by exclaiming that she loved Abdel-Kader

enough to become his slave, and to follow him to the desert.

"Well, that might be done," observed the chief, who seemed to suppose the lady was merely seeking his charity and protection; "what are you able to do?"

"A little of everything. I draw tolerably well, play a little, and understand embroidery."

"Do you know how to take care of sheep?"

"I have never tried; but I do not think that can be very hard," answered the infatuated with a timid laugh.

"Vanity is a defect," gravely replied the son of the Narabout. "Do you know how to shear them?"

"I think I would know."

"Doubt is more evil than ignorance. Do you know how to prepare food?"

"I know how to broil eggs with truffles."

Abdel-Kader meditated a while and continued.

"Are you depending upon your relatives?"

"Only upon my husband."

"Does he no longer love you?"

"He has never loved me."

"Does he desire to be rid of you?"

"He does not lack the wish, but the means."

"He has never had the occasion?"

"Perhaps—at least he has never known how to take advantage of it."

"Is he in the army?"

"No; he lives on his estates."

"Good! Go seek him; give him this purse of gold and bear him word that I am willing to swear to clothe you, feed you, and never to put you away without good reason."

And he handed the stupefied lady a velvet purse containing a hundred louis.

For an instant the woman remained speechless; but the joke was too good to remain unappreciated even by its victim. She burst into a hearty fit of silvery laughter, which startled even the

silent squirrels and the discreet butterflies.

Abdel-Kader gazed upon her in grave perplexity and astonishment; then rising he folded his *burnous* about him without changing a muscle of his handsome face, and, turning his back upon his visitor, strode away, muttering:

"Verily the singer spake well when he likened woman for levity to the down that falls from the bosom of the swallow—too light to fall to earth, too heavy to rise to heaven."



The Weavers

BY CARMELITE JANVIER

Life is a loom on which we weave our dreams;
 The warp is gray . . .
 As gray as slanting rain
 Or twilight
 Or the desolate sands on which the hungry gulf
 Forever gnaws and changes not.
 But many-colored is the changing woof
 And some there be whose colors never fade,
 But glow and deepen as the ever marching years
 Turn dreams to deeds.
 But some buy cheaply in the market place:
 Getting a red at cost, a purple for a song,
 Or, happily,
 A blue thrown in for measure!
 Then, lo, before the pattern is complete—
 If any pattern they were working on
 And not a "hit and miss" or "crazy quilt" design—
 The woof is grayer than the warp . . .
 As gray as factory smoke.

On the Backs of Men

BY DARRELL FIGGIS

I HAVE just returned from a picture-show, where the exhibitor, besides being a friend of mine, is a great artist. To allege that a great artist is merely a painter of great pictures is a crude evasion, as the vulgar, but shrewd, use of the word "artist" will reveal to the wise and thoughtful. A great artist is one who looks on the world from an unexpectedly and suddenly truthful angle and, surrendering the modes by which other angles were properly (or improperly) rendered, captures the unexpected trick that will truthfully express his unexpected sight. He is something of a philosopher; but his philosophy is remote, in the depth of his observing and supplementing mind; and it is his craft that makes it immediate to us. Then we are stopped, and thoughtfully go a different road from what we had intended. We are in love with him—even when we hate him. He and we share a peculiar but common world, and are of a separate, aristocratic race.

These qualities were finely in evidence at the picture show from which I have just returned. There I had wandered among the pictures seeing a world so quaintly unfamiliar, so astonishingly true, so held in a rare revealing light and, withal, so composed in unexpected distances. But it was not till I came across a small picture in a corner that my lips were crossed by a little wry smile that was the facial overflow of a burst of silent laughter in my mind.

And yet I was shocked and astonished. I was shame-faced in a new secret link of unity with the known male world of men. I drew into the corner, usurping all sight of the picture, to plumb the depths of my shocking discovery—of which I had been restlessly aware (somehow, somewhere) since the sixth day of a botched Creation.

The picture was called "A Wanderer", but its title is nothing. It represented a west of Ireland shop-counter. Behind the counter, facing me, sat the owner; large, obscene, impervious, grandly contemplating the local world he drew into his intricate net of accounts that, once opened, could never be settled. This side of the counter stood two men, one looking down upon the other. He who looked down was a tall farmer in a black wideawake hat, with the contemplative philosophy of woe-begone ages seated in the proud unbreakable dignity of his cast of feature. He was spare and proud; the shop-keeper was impassive and triumphant; and it seemed that nothing could impeach the tolerant reserve with which they interestedly looked on the little fellow who formed the third of the group.

It was on this little fellow that I also looked. He stood—well, facing away from me; and in that was he revealed so strangely to me, revealed so shockingly to me. I saw in him another whom I knew; the dear and lovable friend whom both I and the artist knew, and who was now exposed to me from

an unexpected and suddenly truthful angle. I was confused. Perhaps it was because I was confused that I chuckled. For what is laughter but an escape from the egregious wrong done us by our Maker?

Whether the artist intended what he drew, or whether he was betrayed by a reminiscence of his mind, I do not know. I would not dare to ask, though I knew him well, lest worse befall. The other two men in the picture saw nothing of the little fellow. That is to say, they only saw his frontwards, his passable show before men, the accidentals of his composed and composable appearance, the mask of his anatomy, the things that mattered not because familiar and adjustable. It was to me his soul was revealed; and not his soul alone, but the soul of my dear and lovable friend. And I laughed because I was humiliated, for a whole philosophy of mankind had been presented to me, equipped with which, it seemed to me, I could judge my fellows with desperate and relentless accuracy.

There he was, that little fellow, with a cap set crooked on his curly nob, pulling the curls beneath it and exposing the scalp. His back was incredibly long over the stumpy legs, which seemed as if they must be perpetually bent at the knees, and about which the trousers dropped in creases and gathered in folds upon the ankles. The back seemed all the longer because the coat was long; but this coat was (by the intentness of the artist's vision) caught up diagonally across the part between, which was thus shown to stick out energetically and vivaciously toward one, hinting at, but not too crudely revealing,

a bow-like arch of the spine above it, to compensate for the forward drop of the neck above. The back was alive. It was full of vitality, pert, violent. Poised upon its energetic and obtruding base it was droll and humorous; it was without reserves or reticences; it was ur-chinesque, the back of a leprechaun; yet it was a sinuous, a loyal and most lovable back. Heavens, what an expressive backside it was. The long dragging coat—caught, by the hand in pocket, diagonally across its aggressive base—did but the more peculiarly and expressively reveal it. No words can describe how expressive it was. No frontward of the man could be so expressive of his personality. Seeing that long, curved, drooping, alert, and ingeniously humorous backside, that aggressive, pugnacious and vivacious backside, surmounted by a curly nob on a short neck, and set above bent and stumpy legs about which the trousers dropped, I knew far more about that man than ever his frontward could have successfully masked from me. The sight was a revelation of soul. It was a point of vantage for the reading of character from which nothing could be hidden. It was therefore shameful and shocking. It was humiliating. One felt inclined to avert one's eyes from that backside; and only with a chuckle (itself obscene) could one continue to gaze fascinatedly upon it. For nothing was withdrawn. Here was the weakness in the male armoury, that the sixth day of Creation had maliciously contrived, and that man had for centuries forgotten. All that the owner of this backside was with such pert and triumphant success, with such droll and adventurous aban-

don, masking from his companions, was written for me to see who stood there, had he been wise, he would never have suffered them to stand.

Altogether it was a singular backside. But I was halted. Was it a singular backside? I turned sharply round, to see my grave and kindly friend the artist surveying me across the room. His head was bent thoughtfully to one side, the light from the roof shone on his silvered hair. His lips smiled, showing his teeth and his eyes were full of light. What had he seen? Would his reminiscent mind reveal me one of these fine days in all this shocking nakedness of soul? I felt the strongest desire to stow my backside somewhere outside the room while my frontward went up smilingly to engage in conversation with him. I told him that I had been admiring a jolly picture by him—"jolly" was the word my frontward used—but I kept facing him. When I left him I still faced him. No more pictures for me. I moved around the room, facing him all the time. Finally I managed to escape from the room, still facing him, and bolted down the stairs.

For a painful memory had stung me, coming from some far place in time. It was of a barber's shop, a place of many mirrors. I had been struggling into my coat—when suddenly I had seen a thing that stopped me. I had remained half in and half out of my coat, motionless for some moments of fascination and horror. There in the mirror before me, reflecting the mirror behind me, I saw a thing I had not seen before, the existence of which I had not even doubtfully suspected. All those pleasing images of themselves that men build

for their comfort—(images, if not of beauty, at least of manliness, by which they sustain their place in the world—images that fill the eye with bravery and purpose)—fell into dust at the sight. Those were, I remember, terrible moments as I hung half in and half out of my coat, gazing before me—no, behind me!—with surprise and alarm, while my comfortable illusions of myself melted like a vision before an overpowering conviction of reality. It was my true and terrible character I had seen, not the cold phantasm in the faith of which my life was being conducted. There it had been written (no terrors will wring from me what it was), all that my composed frontward had so becomingly effaced,—to myself at least, if not to others. Then I had with sharp decision clothed myself, and gone forth, and resolutely forgotten—till my friend's attentive regard, coming upon his pictured revelation had so firmly recalled it to me.

I fled from him; but alas, from myself I could not flee. As I went homeward up the street a pathetic desire was in me to tuck my backside around every corner. Anything to hide it, to have done with it, to disown it utterly. I felt vengeful against my Maker, that He should have left in so promiscuous and unguarded a place as this clue to a man's character. My faith, so little of it was left, was fatally undermined. There was a hymn that one had learnt in childhood, exhorting one to face every danger. But how could one face this danger? It was strictly unfaceable. Besides which, the problem was to arrest others from facing it, not to face it one's self—certainly not to face

it one's self. Every footstep I heard behind me stirred my apprehension. I was being given away; literally given away; for if I turned to face him that was behind, he that was before would then read away to his heart's content. There was no escape. Now I know why the Ancient Mariner was in such dread of the fate that followed him; for it was said by the wise Greeks that character is fate, and it is there character is to be discovered. It is there character is fatally revealed and cannot aforesight and wilfully be disguised by "putting on a brave front to the world."

At last I am returned home in safety, and can with composure (being seated) think over the matter. I perceive that I have an infallible clue in my hand. Many events that had seemed mysterious in my life are now clear as day. They swarm upon my mind, unloosed from the cells of memory by that evocative clue. I will catch, and set down, a few of the more forward of them.

There is, for example, the case of B., the famous novelist. I had never liked his work. That is to say, I had never respected it; much less had it stirred me with any conceivable kind of emotion but that of exasperation at seeing only too clearly the trick by which it was done. Yet, the more obvious the trick the more instant the praise, and not to praise him was to be looked-upon. I was looked-upon. I was the more looked-upon because I said in the columns of sundry journals, anent the same B., that not by exterior care and surface observation would Art be justified of her soul. I had even said, with monstrous irrelevance, that what did not matter outside of Art would

never be made to matter inside of Art, whatever the craft of accomplishment. Then I was decried. The point is, no one believed I was serious. One editor, I remember, nearly intrigued me into joining the universal song out of very anger by saying: "You do B., will you? You always slate B. Nothing does a paper so much good as slating a popular author." After that, I wrote about B. no more. I questioned my soul about him. Was I right; or was I wrong? Could Art join the general antic, and dance (even so gravely as B. did) on the lava-crust of volcanos forever dead? I was troubled; and kept silence.

Then one day as I walked down Fleet street with a companion, he lifted his hand in salutation to someone whom I did not notice. As we passed on, he said: "You know B. surely?" "Not I," I said with vigor. "I thought you did," he said. "We just passed him." I turned about to see him. I have never met him face to face. What I saw then was all that I have ever seen of him. And it was enough, for I saw what he could not disguise from me. Not having the clue that is now in my hand I cannot describe precisely what I saw (and in such a matter it were a sin against science to draw on invention); but I perfectly remember the light that filled my mind. I knew I was right in not respecting his work. With such a backside it was impossible that I could have respected his work. To be sure, at that moment I would have put it quite in this way; but I knew then that I had caught him unawares, and that he had been given away. What I had divined in his books was what had in a motion been revealed before my eyes.

Then there was the case of K. To me this is a tragic case, and I will say little of it. For I had loved K. K. and I had walked together, and talked magnificently of all great things that mattered, till night was old and gray and day was winsome and flushed. We had drank together, as might perhaps be guessed. We had pledged eternal loyalty to all great lost causes; and we had even joined together in some of them. We met always with deep and open affection, for with him affection was a manly exercise. I would say to myself that whoever fell away K. would ever be staunch. But one unhappy day I stood behind K., and saw that he had a pinched and penurious backside. My mind was dark with doubt and unhappiness, for it was a timid backside, a backside that slunk away, an evasive backside on which no honourable spine could have reposed with firmness and security. I did not know then all that I now know; but I knew then I was unhappy at something. Like the spine I was without security. I have not seen K. for many years; but the other day I heard that he was entered in the legions of lost and successful souls. I was angry then; but I am not angry now. I am only sad. For perhaps a man may be captain of his soul; but there are, I perceive, parts of himself of which he cannot be captain.

I will give only one more case. It concerns C., and a critical moment of my life. I will not count how many years ago it is; but it was when I was younger than I now am. I had a bagful of poems and a pocketful of pence—not a new conjunction; but one that is more picturesque to write about than

pleasant to experience. Let me say firmly that the melodramatist who depicts such moments as grim and desperate is a truthful man and a realist. The poor love melodrama, for they know that the consummate melodramatist of all is Real Life. So I counted my pence, and I selected from my poems, and I threw them all in a gambler's cast.

I went to see C. My pence would take me across London and bring me back, and I would hand my poems into his hand. No more post for me. I had had enough of the post. There was no more dread sound in the world than the postman's knock, except it were the fall of manuscript on the doormat. So I gathered my pence, and went to see C.

I went early, so as not to miss him; but as I rounded the corner of his street he bore down upon me and passed me. I stood still, looking after his retreating figure; and it is possible that unmanly tears may have gathered in me. Remember the poor pence I had expended. But I was comforted; and then I was encouraged; for I saw his backside. It was an ample backside, but that was, in a manner of speaking, the least part of it. It was generous; it was trustworthy; it was, in a more than material sense, capacious; it was, above all, king-like, reposeful, without mean reserve or stintings. Mark, I do not say I said all these things then; but that I thought them, or rather that I divined them, is certain, for my misgivings died, my woes were diminished, and I became confident. His countenance might have done all this for me; but I could not see his countenance. I saw only the backward parts of him, vanishing down the road—with difficulty vanishing,

but vanishing all the same by the necessity of distance. Far more than by any frontward view was I assured of him. Why should I have grown light-some, but that I knew my luck was turned? For I had been placed where his character was revealed to me, so that I went forward confidently to him, touched his arm, and all that I had expected was unfolded to me in a kinglike and cautious bounty of his goodness.

So that it seems I had always known of this truth—what one may perhaps

be forgiven for calling this stern truth. The truth is not an arresting novelty, but an astonishing affirmation. And looking now on the world from this unexpected and suddenly truthful angle I am in fear for the undoing of men unless they can discover a new hindward mask and composure. It will not be so easy, I imagine, to "put on a brave backside to the world." And in the meantime I foresee a great future for pictorial art in the analysis of character.



To Mad Philosophers

BY JOHN Mc CLURE

*"All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."*

But is a dream less real to ye
(Dream also) than reality?
Is death a sweeter thing because
You call it phantom? Since when was
The dreamer and the dream distinct?
They are inextricably link'd.
You come back climbing circle-wise
The ancient spiral of your lies.
Reality a dream, you say?
The dream, then, is reality —
And Grief and Pain and Death and Hell
Not wholly, then, fantastical.
Perhaps beyond the noumenon,
Beyond the dreamer, may be One
Who could dispel them with a breath:
To you—dream image—they are death.
Dreams, to another dream, may be
Even realer than reality.

Monsieur Satan

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

THE French have strange names. There are Monsieur Brave-Man, Funny-Man, Man-God, and so on. It is probably part of the Gallic imagination—these names. So when I went to see the celebrated Monsieur Satan in Paris I was no more astonished to find that that was really his name than that the name of the greatest poet in the world to-day is Gabriel the Announcer.

Monsieur Satan fascinated me, but did not astound me. Probably because I had known him always—or fancied I did. He had a negligent, self-revealing manner. He would pronounce dogmatically the most astonishing paradoxes in a tone of voice such as one would use when one would say, "plate of buck-wheats, please."

He had, apparently, lived everywhere, travelled everywhere, knew everybody, knew everything. A person *de rigueur*. He went through life seeing, recognizing, uttering, drinking. His impersonality was frightful. He said he was the right-angle of a circle, the fraction of a cipher, an eternally movable horizon—then he'd smile at my puzzled air and order another absinthe.

Beautiful summer night at the Pré-Catelan before the war. Paris gleamed in the distance like a monstrous convention of fire-flies. You could look right through the stars into the Néant beyond, the night was so clear.

We were on the question of the cinematograph. I was bound to hear something original, as the third person pres-

ent (no less a person, by the way, than Remy de Gourmont) had informed me I would—no matter what Monsieur Satan touched on.

"Yes", he began suddenly, as if answering a question that had been asked about a thousand years before, "the Truth is out. We have discovered the Great Secret. The method of the Mysterious Force is known.

"In the screenless 'movies', unperfected as yet, wherein with the aid of a powerful light phantoms are projected on a dark stage, we have the secret of ourselves revealed. For we, sir, are phantoms, condensed etheric rays of varying degrees of ponderability, thrown on the dark stage of the world, and made visible to one another by a Light. This Light emanates from a Universal Mind, and if it ever ceases to be, we—the phantoms—shall cease to be with it, and the little playlets that we call our experiences will be no more. *Voilà tout*.

"Nothing has ever given us the sense of pleasure in the tragedies of existence like the moving picture. It has deepened the aesthetic consciousness of the race more than anything else. By aesthetic consciousness I mean the ability to enjoy life as a work of art, as a sublime tragi-comedy, or a farcical tragedy, or ironical drama—it is merely a matter of temperament whatever you call it.

"The Producer—in his Hidden Box—sees life exactly as we see it in the screenless 'movies'. His (or Its)

emotion is always pleasurable no matter what happens to these puppets that we are."

After this piece of pure Spinozism fired into the night from the piazza of the Pré-Catelan he poured in his absinthe, and continued:

"Have you ever tried to analyze why we enjoy the woes of Oedipus, Hamlet, Lear, Phédre? Why we love the diabolic and inhuman in art? Why the Borgias, the Neros and the Napoleons fascinate us? It is the triumph in us of the artistic sense over the personal bias. It is the 'movie' instinct in the human brain dominating the pity and whimper in the human heart. We are passionately in love with life as life—the more complex, the harder, the more terrible, the profounder the fatality that it reveals to us the greater the ultimate pleasure.

"When a man applauds the acting of Iago he is something of a god.

"Whether it is the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, the 'Inferno' of Dante, the human hells of Dostoevsky or Balzac, or the satanism of Poe, it is the great spectacle that we demand. The eye and the brain and the nerves must be feasted. We are all pagans in this sense.

"Did not the author of the Book of Job and Goethe in 'Faust' (a clean filch of the latter from the former) make of life a 'frame-up'—*un coup monte*, as we say in French? Here we are doing our bit while we are being filmed on the endless running screen of Time.

"The plots of life are infinitely various. We are only posed phantoms. We are in a studio—call it the Universe if you will; and the Director you will never know here."

And Monsieur Satan let a smile rove over his face. Had he remembered some past meeting somewhere with—

"But, Monsieur Satan," I broke in on that frosty smile, "where are all the films of these playlets kept?"

"Why," he replied, "in the pigeon-holes and cylinders of the air."

"And where may they be?" I asked, while Remy de Gourmont drew invisible arabesques on the serviette with a fork.

"All around us," replied this man in the secrets of the Infinite. "All light photographs; that we know, and the Light that we call consciousness—do you not think that that photographs and registers everything also?"

"Every movement here on earth is registered in Space materially; and its metaphysical motive is registered in the mind—the Light—of the Supreme Consciousness.

"Space is an immeasurable, unimaginable collection of scenarios. It is at the present moment, through the operations of light, putting this scene into etheric waves or boxes of ether.

"Some day when an apparatus I am working on is complete I'll show you the firing on Fort Sumpter, the Siege of Paris, the Neanderthal man at home *en famille*. They are all up there, and long after the earth with its pomp and vanities and phantoms has crumbled to cosmic dust or vanished into some strange sun the light waves, flashing eternally through space, will continue to carry the immaterial—if you like that word—record of all that was done here on this sun-flake, itself purely phantasmagoric.

"And the Unknowable enjoys it all, for some times, I imagine, the plot gets

beyond its foresight, and its characters get strangely mixed up. Then it feels surprise.

"But you see, do you not, that we are all in the 'movies'?"

Just then a pony cart in which were seated two children bolted down the

road. Monsieur Satan was at the reins quicker than a flash of light (I say this literally) and with a frosty smile brought the two children to the table of the half-crazed mother.

And was that act being recorded, too—in the ether—in favor of Monsieur Satan?



Sun Ballet

BY JEANETTE MARKS

When the sun sprang up in the east that time,
Her head was gold and her shoes were gay
Spangled slippers on dancing toes
And skirts like a full blown rose.
I looked at the sun and I said, "Today
In the sun ballet
The sun will dance to the west away!" . . .
And the sun danced.

She poised her slippers in rainbow slime,
She twirled up skyward in skirts of rose,
She tossed her head in its helmet gold,
Danced in the heat and laughed at the cold,
Spun and twinkled and sparkled and pranced
In the sun ballet
Over the earth and west away! . . .
And the sun set.

Oh, la, la la, what a world it is!
With only a moon and *such* silly stars,
Sermons on dancing and Christians in wars,
Capital cornered and nations to let! . . .
Well, in the sun ballet
The sun sprang up in the east that time,
Poised her slipper in rainbow slime,—
And the sun danced!

Starrett's Chicago Letter

IN THE DEATH, some months ago, of Prof. Richard Lynch Garner, far famed as the "monkey talk man," science sustained a loss to the extent of which it does not suspect, and would not admit if it did. I had intended to speak of Prof. Garner before this, but could find no Chicago angle upon which to hang my observations. Now, I have reason to believe that he once passed through Chicago on his way to the Pacific Coast. Thus, the way is paved for my consideration of Prof. Garner's services.

You are familiar with Garner's belief, based on years of experience in zoological gardens and African jungles, that the apes have a language consisting of "words" expressing their definite ideas, and readily comprehensible to man. The pity is—and that is the point of my *feuilleton*—that this ingenious naturalist did not live another twenty years to pursue his researches. His death at this juncture, with the world's affairs in such a knot as his own monkeys used to tie in one another's tails, is nothing less than an international calamity.

The pass to which we have come demands new ideas. The League of Nations is on skids, the League of Merchants is on stilts, the propagandists are *en route*—one way or another, and continuously—and throughout the world, as between the governing bodies and those they govern, an *impasse* has resulted such as staggers laymen when doctors disagree. In a situation of the sort, when new and unbiased minds are needed, Prof. Garner and

his monkeys might well have been the men of the hour.

From among the abler apes and gorillas of his acquaintance, Prof. Garner might have selected plenipotentiaries fitted to represent their race and religion beside the seasoned diplomats of Europe and America, and a new and splendid note of ecstasy might have been injected into the councils of the world. The language of the apes and gorillas of the powerful African states was familiar to Prof. Garner, who would have acted as interpreter until such time as the associated statesmen should have manifested a working familiarity with gorillian idiom. That the distinguished delegates from Africa would have been able to suggest original and feasible ideas, out of their long experience away from the courts and councils of modern life, seems beyond question.

It is to be hoped that Prof. Garner's followers are as eager and as energetic as was he, and that the suggestion tentatively broached here may commend itself to students of world history and economics. It is not too late to send a chimpanzee to Versailles or to the state legislature. May we not, indeed, look forward to a day in the not far distant future when a chair in Chimpanzee shall be established in our leading universities, when exchange professors from the African jungles shall address the youth of our nation (already prepared for the novelty by the moving picture serialization of Tarzan's life and exploits) in the formative years of their lives, when

ring-tailed missionaries shall visit our shores and bring comfort to our heathen when—any day in season—in the distinguished visitors' gallery of the Senate, tourists from Chicago or New Orleans may see a delegation of high-hatted gorillas listening with careful attention to the eloquent mouthings of our representatives in that esteemed and august body?

It is an intoxicating vision, and a progressive one, and the way now is open. Shall we not seize the opportunity offered by the lesson of Prof. Garner's death?—and in the meantime, by popular subscription, raise statues to those outstanding champions of the anthropoid ape: Darwin, Garner and Edgar Rice Burroughs!

* * *

I should be sorry if anyone were to misunderstand the foregoing nonsense, which is an expression—feeble enough—of my contempt for politicians, popular novelists and profiteers. My admiration for Prof. Garner is high and sincere. His experiments were heroic and touched with nobility, and the ridicule to which he was often subjected by sonorous donkeys, will be in large measure the measure of his fame in later years.

The guide-book to spring fashions in fiction still is selling as hugely as the week of its appearance. "Main Street" has sold more than 125,000 copies, as I write, and that is the reason that it is the guide-book to spring fiction fashions. When he was in New York, recently, Harry Hansen, literary editor of the Chicago Daily News, was approached by three publishers and a magazine editor. The publishers had

each a secret to confide; each whispered tidings of a novel he was issuing, which the public was going to like. In each case, it developed that the novel dealt with a "small town in the middle west." The magazine editor casually asked whether any Chicago authors of Mr. Hansen's acquaintance had available short stories dealing with "life in a small Illinois town."

In short, every publisher hopes he may be able to duplicate the success of "Main Street;" every magazine editor is looking for something he may placard as being in the vein of that excellent narrative. And that is one of the tragedies of American literature. Every successful novel has as many *begats* as a chapter of the Old Testament, and each *begat* is weaker than its predecessor. I don't say that a fine novel of another stripe has no chance because of this system, but decidedly it has less chance than it would have if our publishers were freer from superstition.

If any young writer has an unsuccessful "Main Street" in his trunk, now is the time to retype the first and last sheets and hurl it eastward. If it is a sword and cloak romance that rattles in your closet, you will have to wait a bit; but have patience; sooner or later somebody will score a success with another "Richard Carvel," and your belated fame will overtake you.

* * *

Chicago has lost two good men since I last wrote—Bert Leston Taylor and Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus. Both were important figures in the city's art life, and both will be missed. "B. L. T.'s" popularity was enormous; his daily column in the Tribune, "A Line-o'-Type-or-

"Two," was read by more thousands than voted for Cox, perhaps by as many thousands as voted for Harding. He was an institution, and he has no successor. At least a dozen writers first came to prominence in the "Line," among them Keith Preston and Charles G. Blanden, writing under the pseudonyms of *Pan* and *Laura Blackburn*, respectively. Lesser celebrities, still known only by their initials, are numbered in the hundreds. Alas, poor Yorick!

Dr. Gunsaulus was a clergyman, a scholar and a collector. He was the author of many books, one of which, "Monk and Knight," is a colossal study of the middle ages, cast in the mold of fiction. It must contain 250,000 words at the lowest count. It is not a "Cloister and the Hearth," but it is an honest and important book, and always will have its appreciators.

* * *

Noted visitors we have had again, aplenty, chief among them Rabindranath Tagore and Sir Philip Gibbs, the latter playing a return engagement which was rendered somewhat unhappy for the English war reporter by the heckling of Irish sympathizers, twenty-one of whom were ejected from Orchestra Hall during his lecture on the Irish question. Gibbs seemed unruffled by the warm reception. It requires courage to present the Irish question in Chicago, even when the attempt is to be fair. Ben Hecht, who interviewed Gibbs for the *Daily News*, characterized him thus:

"Sir Philip is an English journalist whom the war made famous. But, more than that, he is English sanity with a refillable fountain pen in its vest pocket.

His words are the symbols of a cool disillusionment. An emotionless pessimism, with its eyebrows slightly raised, a detached shrug of the shoulders, give an outline to his manner."

That may or may not describe Gibbs; I didn't see him; but it is excellent Hecht. The Hechtic manner has an outline, too, and is unmistakable.

I did not hear, Tagore, but I had a squint at him. He reminds one that prophets are not without whiskers in any country under the sun.

* * *

The White Paper Club has given up its luncheon room at the Hotel LaSalle, and now meets each week in one of the University Club's rooms, and therefore in one of the handsomest buildings in Chicago, and one of the most exclusive. As a member of the White Paper Club, it is now my privilege to snub the seven-foot uniformed doorman at the University Club. Time was when, as a reporter seeking to interview a weary celebrity, I was hurled forth by the seven-foot doorman a moment after I had crossed the imposing threshold.

The White Paper Club is a democratic body, comprising poets, publishers, authors, editors, proofreaders, cataloguers, paragraphers, booksellers, and distinguished *vox pops*; in short, anyone is eligible — in theory — who "blackens white paper." In fact, no one is eligible who is not welcome to the voting body which is the club. But we are an affable outfit, predisposed to like any member of the craft.

* * *

The Bookfellows are planning to hold their annual reunion in May, and it is thought that John G. Neihardt and

Hamlin Garland will be the guests of honor.

* * *

The Field Museum of Natural History shortly is to open its new building to the public. For many months the exhibits have been trundling in from the old home in Jackson Park, a relic of the World's Columbian Exposition, and, at length, the last mastodon is articulated and the final dodo installed. The magnificent structure rises whitely out of the flat wilderness beyond Grant Park, and marks another milestone in Chicago's dream of beauty. The most serious obstacle in the path of the dream's complete fulfillment is the Illinois Central Railroad, which continues to belch black smoke into the heavens from its tea kettle engines. An ugly sneer, it lies across the city's pleasantest prospect and poisons the atmosphere with its breath. Electrification may come with the millenium.

* * *

Speaking of the home town movement in fiction, a "small Illinois town" that should engage the talent of some novelist is Seneca, which comprises some fifteen hundred souls and hasn't boomed since 1876. It is the most typical small town of my acquaintance. Sherwood Anderson should undertake the job. If he does, I shall contribute a tale or two to his collection. One good yarn concerns John Nicholas Beffel, whose short story, "The Good Fellow," published in Reedy's Mirror, not long ago, is one of the best things I have ever read.

Beffel is a Chicagoan now, but he originated in Seneca. He was sixteen when he emigrated to Chicago. For a

month he sent home glowing letters about his prospects. Then the letters became less frequent, and in six months they ceased. A year passed, and only vague reports had reached the old folks about their wandering boy. Then, one Sunday evening in winter, when the mercury was low and the snow was piling up along Main Street, the elder Beffel sat down to his supper. He sighed as he looked at the vacant chair. Then he turned over his plate. Beneath it he found a note. The note read:

"Dear Dad—Please meet me at the old bridge at midnight, and bring a blanket or a suit of clothes. I have a hat.
"JOHN."

Frances Donovan is a Chicagoan. Her book, "The Woman Who Waits," is a remarkable book, despite the fact that it is published by Badger. It is an intimate, personal and realistic account of the life of a waitress, for which the author gathered her information at first hand by working in Chicago eating houses of every description, and in some that defy description. The psychology of the waitress is well revealed, and her relations with the male sex are frankly stated—too frankly, some persons have thought. "The Woman Who Waits" is a book which, like "The Jungle," should stir Chicago to its vitals, for it is a book dealing with conditions that are intimately connected with Chicago's vitals.

VINCENT STARRETT.

❧ ❧

Man is either a fool or a coward.

Queen's Hair

From Lancelot's Hermitage to Guenevere's Tomb

BY JEANETTE MARKS

Oh, lie with me, lie with me,
Color of gold!
Love finds the grave dark,
The light gone,
Eyes that stare:
Bring sleep,—
Oh, lie with me as of old!

Oh, cover me, cover me,
Color of gold!
Love finds the grave deep,
The earth cold.
I grope for your side:
Oh, warm me, fragrance and fold
Of your hair!

Oh, lie with me, lie with me,
Color of gold!
And I shall feel sleep
Rise like a tide on your breast,
Flow in the gold
Of your hair,—
Oh, Love, I shall find rest as of old!

Book Reviews

THE BRIMMING CUP

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

(Harcourt Brace & Co.)

IN A curiously remote village of Vermont there is an idyllic factory. A wood-working factory, which turns out the backs of hairbrushes, small wooden boxes, and other useful but uninteresting articles. In this haven of peace there are no labor troubles! No strikes! No unions! No movies! And the simple villagers dance square dances with the grace of old Versailles.

One's credulity is taxed.

And in this village lives Marise Crittenden with her children and her husband. Neale Crittenden is the owner of this extraordinary wood-working establishment. Eleven years after a romantic marriage in Italy Marise has begun to develop strange Celtic characteristics. Like the Irish, she is ready to "creep in close about the fire and tell grey tales of what we were, and dream old dreams and faded." She is attractive, clever, magnetic; with the face of Leonardo's Saint Anne. Also, she is a brilliant and thorough musician. After cooking, cleaning the house, dressing the children, directing a lice-removing operation on the family pig, and attending to other minor domestic duties, this superwoman still finds leisure to study all the best modern music.

Neale's musical education ended with Debussy. The newer men mean singularly little in his life. Ever so much less than they mean in the life of Vincent Marsh.

Vincent is one of these idle rich men

with a nice feeling for the fine arts and a dynamic disposition. He comes to visit in this charming backwater of civilization.

The result is inevitable—for twenty-two pages Marise succumbs to the fascination of soul-searching.

It is a splendid search, conducted on strictly orthodox lines. She has a complicated little soul and she lays it bare with avidity, and in its inmost recesses she finds forgotten treasures. Exquisite bits of things, grown a trifle dusty from disuse. In the end she achieves soul-sufficiency; for she knows that, after all, only one thing really matters—love. The love that overcomes all doubts and difficulties because it springs from perfect truth and sympathy and understanding.

In "The Brimming Cup," Dorothy Canfield has given us an unusually appealing novel. It has both beauty of design and felicity of phrase, and may well challenge comparison with the best books of the year.

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

(Translated from Leo Shestov's "The Apotheosis of Groundlessness")

BY S. S. KOTELIANSKY

(Robert M. McBride, New York)

Curious, is it not, that what Nietzsche asserted with such decision of believers should so neatly hit off him who is probably the greatest skeptic among the Russians, Leo Shestov. Nietzsche said: "To him who feels himself pre-ordained to contemplation and not to belief, all believers are too noisy and

obtrusive." But those "preordained to contemplation" will find the noisy and obtrusive Shestov the greatest doubter of them all. This book, called in the original "The Apotheosis of Groundlessness" might, for the sake of clearer understanding, be called "The Apotheosis of Skepticism." For Shestov is so incorrigibly a skeptic that he will not permit himself to be ensnared into a confession of positive skepticism, even, for "the denial of the possibility of positive knowledge is already an affirmation." And he will not affirm. He insists on remaining a nebulous philosophic quantity. It is only his nebulosity that is of the most decided character. He cannot be judged positively by his dislikes, nor judged negatively by his likes. The positivist and scientist, hanging hopefully on his denunciation of the metaphysicians, will find, on advancing into the next page, so severe a drubbing of science and positivism, that they will, perforce, surrender him in despair. Perhaps it was this intransigent unwillingness of Shestov to be "placed" that determined a recent compiler of a "guide book" to Russian literature who included fifty-four Russian writers and critics to omit even a mention of Shestov.

However, in the most infrequent intervals, Shestov does slip into an affirmation by way of doubt, for even he must find it difficult to balance himself constantly in mid-air without the support of some faith, even a faith in heresy or anarchy or lawlessness. But woe to him who looks for consistency in Shestov for "it is reasonable to speak of eternal hesitation and temporality of thought" which means, in the personal

application, that "constancy of principle belongs only to one's relationships with other people in order that they may know where and to what extent they may depend upon us."

A pugnant and diabolic writer, delightful in his uncritical and unphilosophic skepticism, Shestov has written a book of brittle sterility. He concerns himself too much with odds and ends. Like the mathematician who attended a concert, we who have read this book may also foolishly inquire: "But what does it prove?"

Anatole France was right when he wrote: "I have feared the formidable sterility of those two words, 'I doubt.' Such is their force that the lips which have once advisedly uttered them are forever sealed and can nevermore be opened."

As a Russian, Shestov heralds the beginning of the orientation from too great faith. Native of a land wherein the quality of faith has been shared equally by reactionaries and revolutionists, Shestov comes with the flavor of the first anomaly.

H. S.

FIGURES OF EARTH

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

(Robert McBride & Co., 1921)

Any literary hack can analyse Shakespeare. He can show you the tricks, the defects, point out where the poet borrows here and lifts lines bodily there. But ask this critic where the magic comes in, the alchemy of the whole, and he will mumble nonsense. So with Mr. Cabell. He borrows from half a dozen literatures, a score of mythologies, and

nearly all the great ironists of the past. But what a concocter he is! Take Jurgen as instance. You may name every ingredient (and there are many) that goes to make up that master work, and still the whole will be greater than the sum of all its parts.

"Figures of Earth" is, alas, less skillfully blended. The tricks of craftsmanship, the vast impedimenta of allegory and symbolism weigh down and overtop the art, so that the effect in more passages than one is almost a burlesque of the Cabell manner. The tiresome mellifluousness of the style is insistent with its nicely timed refrains. The result is Cabell nearly at his worst. Moreover, the irony of "Figures of Earth" grows a little resentful, even where the style remains annoyingly polite. It is no longer the gallant attitude of Jurgen. I feel altogether too sorry for Manuel and so lose sight of him as a symbol of the eternal male.

But even in this book there are chapters of authentic poignancy and beauty: "Sesphra of the Dreams," (better it seems to me as it appeared in the magazine *Romance*), and the episode of the violin player toward the last of the book. Then there are passages of such magnificent artifice as to evoke perhaps not ecstasy, but keen admiration, such as both encounters with the Rider of the White Horse, and the first meeting with Alianora.

But all these things were done in Jurgen, and I for one had hoped that Mr. Cabell would not follow the lead of obvious allegory, most of which, boiled down, comes to naught, but that he would retrace his steps a bit to "The Cream of the Jest," that admirable

earlier book, and give us the double soul of a modern man—his adventures in life and beyond life. I know that Mr. Cabell is not soliciting my advice; but gratis, I give him this suggestion. Why not a comedy of modern domestic life, with supernatural overtones, if needed—for the stage?

E. D.

CREOLE FAMILIES OF NEW ORLEANS

BY GRACE KING

(Macmillan, 1921)

New England and Virginia have each respectively, their Puritans and their Cavaliers, why should not Louisiana have also her Creole forebears properly extolled and made known?

This office is well performed in Miss King's latest, and perhaps most interesting book, "Creole Families of New Orleans."

In 1893, Mr. Paul Beckwith's "Creoles of St. Louis," exploited the knickerbockerdom of that city in a most interesting volume of genealogy. Rather ingenuously his book begins with a definition of Creoles, as . . . "those of French or Spanish descent, who are natives of Louisiana, and their descendants." Choteau, Laclede, De Menil, Cabanne, Sarpy, and many names that follow, all, are reminiscent of colonial New Orleans—the foster mother of Saint Louis.

Grace King, well known for her *Bienville*, *DeSoto*, and other standard New Orleans historical books, is the editor and author of this most attractive volume. The illustrations are by E. Woodward. The first 132 pages justify

the publication. Marigny and Pontalba and their times, the colonial period of *Nouvelle Orleans*, all are here daintily sketched, and an intimate insight is given of the way people lived then.

Their social intercourse as shown in the journal of Pontalba, is really a revelation: box parties at the *Comedie*, card parties at Gentilly, and with Madame Carondelet, bathing parties at Madame Macarty's, where a millrace served as natatorium—when the river was at bank level.

Some twenty odd families have their trees reviewed in this notable book, and there are many plates and illustrations throughout the text which attractively hold the reader.

Professor Woodward has helped to record many of the good examples still left in the *Vieux Carré* of early New Orleans architecture.

Now comes the really first fair attempt to chronicle in some order the colonial social structure of *Nouvelle Orleans*. Grace King has produced an exceedingly readable series of family portrait groups, and the reader need not be a native son to enjoy the traditions which this compilation records as a romantic part of New Orleans history.

There could be no more capable pen for this work than Miss King's and if she had put into form only the recollections of Marigny, Pontalba and Gayarre, the book would be justified. The journal of the elder Pontalba gives a glimpse of life in the Province such as no other document contains.

It takes centuries to perfect and raise

a saint to the altitude where he may be crowned and calendared. Heroes are often not properly memorialized for generations after they are gone—witness Lincoln.

Paul Jones the "pirate" followed Columbus the "corsair," but each now occupies his individual pedestal, and the latter will no doubt be enrolled in the galaxy of American saints—given further time.

So what matter if there be glorification in the relation of the doings of the pioneer settlers of the lower Mississippi. The tenacity of the mud turtle was needed to grip the slippery foothold of the six-by-twelve islets of habitable high ground from swamp to river's edge, which formed the colonial capital. This was the 18th century mission of those early people. It was theirs to continue to have and to hold the mouth of the Mississippi and eventually deliver to Thomas Jefferson, in God's own time, the whole valley of the Mississippi, to be finally subdivided into states, so that America—the world's greatest democracy, could round out her national solidarity for the world destiny which she recently demonstrated was her part in the affairs of nations. France builded better than she knew in settling New Orleans and organizing the great valley. Grace King's book reveals the quality and temper of these early settlers of Louisiana, and we may understand from this book that—whether one or another language was spoken,—the American pioneer had the stuff in him to make this country great, despite the locality in which his lot was cast.

T. P. T.

IN AMERICAN—POEMS

BY J. V. A. WEAVER

(Alfred A. Knopf, 1921)

Here is a collection of verses in the vernacular of the pool-room and the dance-hall, some of which have previously appeared in *Smart Set*, *Poetry* and other magazines. The note struck is an original one, and the young author, barring a few banalities and metrical misdemeanors, seems very much at home in his medium. He displays a quaintness, an individuality of expression, an authenticity of emotion which carries, despite these errors.

The "sonnets" seem to me especially good. Instance "Nocturne:"

"Nothin' or everythin', it's got to be,"

You says, and hides your face down on my arm.

"If it meant nothin', 'twouldn't do no harm,
Or either everythin'—but this way—see? . . ."

I feel your tremblin' heart against my coat,
And the big arc-light moon grins down so cool,

"Go on!" I think it says, "you softie fool!"
I love you so it hurts me in my throat.

"Don't make me kiss you; sure, I know you could,"

You're pleadin', "And we gone too far to play;

I care a lot . . . but yet not so's to say
I love you yet . . . Aw; help me to be good!"

Oh, darlin', darlin', can't you let it be
Nothin' to you, and everythin' to me?

Among the longer pieces I particularly like "Denouement" and "Concerning Pikers". The latter is "rare stuff" and teaches a lesson it were well a number of us learned. My prediction is that "Johnny" Weaver will go far. There is a certain droll, urchinesque quality about him which altogether wins you. Half-mocking, half-serious, half-articulate, at once ridiculously callow and entirely sophisticated, with the sophistication of "the guy who tips you off to a sure thing", he flits, a sort of snub-nosed Pierrot in and out of the pleasures of Arcady. J. B.

Illusion

BY LOUIS GILMORE

Do not break it again
With harsh words

It was beautiful
Before you spoke

And anything you can say
Is less amusing.

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